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THE RED CROSS.

The year is drawing to a close, and we need the money due on subscription. Those of our subscribers who find a red X after their names on the margin of the paper, or on the wrapper, are politely notified their subscription is due, or over due, and are requested to remit the same immediately. We desire to purchase a power press, and enlarge our paper four columns at the beginning of our second volume, and will do so if properly encouraged, and promptly paid. Please come to our assistance, friends, and we will make you the LARGEST if not the BEST weekly paper in Central Kentucky.

BACKWOODS KIT;

—OR—
THE LONE DOVE OF KENTUCKY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Among the brave women who followed the redoubtable Benjamin Logan across the mountains, for the purpose of establishing a settlement in Kentucky, truly called the "dark and bloody ground," was Beatrice Lindsay. Left an orphan a few months prior to the emigration, she had nothing save recollections of bygone days, to bid her to the old North State, and with her little brother, a lad of twelve, she embarked with eagerness the opportunity to assist in the colonization of the famous Shawnee hunting ground.

In the year 1775, a backwoods' structure, christened Logan's Fort, after its founder, arose in the wilderness of Kentucky, and within a mile of the present town of Stanford in Lincoln county. For a long time the Indians did not molest the settlers; they came often to the fort, and the settlers thought they had succeeded in securing the lasting friendship of the red men.

Now and then they heard of the progress of the Revolution, and what was their surprise when they were informed by a messenger from Booneborough, that a force of British and Indians were hastening to the work of pillage and massacre.

The report was not credited until confirmation came, and then all necessary preparations were made for a stubborn defense.

"Here comes Kit Childster," said a young pioneer, one evening, as the sentinel admitted a suspicious-looking individual. "I'd rather not see him here these times; he don't wear an innocent look, by any means, and I'd like to know how he can tramp the woods without any arms."

"That's what puzzles me, Roger," answered the young man's companion. "I believe that that fellow is in league with the redskins. Hadn't you noticed how free he made with Wauregan the last time the Shawnee war-chief was here? and I caught him having a private interview with Beaver Tail in the rear of Logan's cabin. We must watch him closely, now that the Indians have dug up the hatchet, and when my suspicion of his treachery amounts to a certainty, there will be a dead man hereabouts."

The speaker's lips curled firmly over the last word, and he darted a sharp look at the burly, bearded man who was approaching.

"Well, Kit, what of our red-skinned foe; he asked with a faint smile. 'You're the only scout we have seen for two days, and, of course, there's a dearth of news from the outside world.'"

"I anticipate no attack," returned Backwoods Kit, as he was called confidently. "I am just from Booneborough, and they had no news there about the reported foray. 'However,' he glanced around on the defenses, strengthened during his absence, 'it is well enough to be prepared for any emergency. But you may sleep without the dread of being awakened by the British musket.'"

Having thus spoken Kit Childster moved away, and sought Colonel Logan, who was superintending the erection of an additional block-house.

"When that man said he was just from Booneborough, he lied," said Mark Kingham, turning to Roger Hallinck. "He could not look me in the eye when he said that; he knew he was lying. I, for my part, go out in the woods to watch that man. Do you know what happened when he was here last?"

"No."

"He had the audacity to ask Beatrice Lindsay to become his wife."

"And of course she refused—it would be like mating the dove with the vulture."

"Or the carion crow," said Kingham,

"She refused him in plain words, and he went away muttering something which she could not understand."

"His visit to the fort at this time means mischief," said Roger, "and he is not the fellow to give up our Lone Dove thus tamely. He will make a desperate struggle for her."

"Indeed, he will, Roger," returned Mark, glancing at the suspected man. "Will you be at the gate to-night?"

"Yes."

"Then, for God's sake keep your eyes open!"

"Never fear. If that rascal comes sneaking up to me in the dark, I'll drop him."

To the pioneer twain Christopher Childster had long been a suspected character. He encountered Logan's party in the wilderness, and had guided the emigrants to the spot where the fort had been erected. He seemed on familiar terms with the Indians, for he brought a number of prominent chiefs to the station, and aided in the clearing of the grounds. The beauty of Beatrice Lindsay at once attracted his attention, and he tried to ingratiate himself into her favor. Seemingly, to some extent, he succeeded, for the girl did not wish to transform into an enemy him who had lent so willing a hand in contributing to their comfort. She knew that he would ask her to become his bride, and at last the time came.

As Mark Kingham said, she refused him in plain language, and he left her alone in the forest, much chagrined at his defeat.

The Lone Dove of Kentucky, as the Indians called Beatrice, already loved, and she did not prefer the repulsive backwoodsman to handsome Mark Kingham.

"I'll possess you yet," murmured Childster, as he left the scene of his defeat. "I'm not going to be put off thus by the prettiest girl in Kentucky. No, no! I'm too much of a man for that. Through your brother, Beatrice Lindsay, I'll drag you to the altar—to my birchen bower in Chillicothe. I'll do all of this in spite of Heaven!"

As the golden glow of the skies crept behind the Western horizon upon the day of Backwoods Kit's visit to Logan's Fort, the strongest effort to permit the escape of Mark Kingham.

Since the opening of hostilities, it had been the custom of Benjamin Logan to throw several scouts into the forest every night, for the purpose of spying the vicinity of the fort, and to warn its inmates of the approach of any foe.

The young scout in question, upon this particular night, bent his steps northward towards the Kentucky. It was a chilly night in the latter part of February, 1776, and the buds were beginning to hail the approach of spring. The winter now almost at an end, had brought much suffering to Logan's Fort; game had been unusually scarce, and the buffalo and deer hunter always had the relentless savage upon his trail. The wolf and panther combed the forest in a half-famished condition, and in attacking the well armed settler or Indian brave.

"Hark!" muttered Mark Kingham, as the long howl of the half-starved wolf caused him to halt on the bank of a stream that debouched into the historic Kentucky. "The wolf is after somebody, and by my soul, he's bringing 'em this way! If an Indian, I'll drop him; if a white—no, it can't be a white man, for he'd run another way—towards Logan's Fort."

As he muttered the last word, he walked some distance from the stream, and stationed himself behind a giant tree.

He was in the edge of the forest, and the moon sailing zenithward, flooded his surroundings in a mellow light.

The yells of the wolves increased in number and distinctness, and at length the scout heard the rapid tread of their victim. He seemed to have bent all his energies to the task of reaching a certain point, and heran like one not in the least fatigued.

"Ha! here he comes!" exclaimed Mark Kingham, as a giant form boomed up between him and the light horizon, beyond the edge of the timber. "It isn't an Indian, and who can it be? Faster, faster fellow, or the wild dogs will catch you!"

The scout cocked his rifle, and kept his eye fastened upon the hunted man, who came directly towards him.

All at once Mark perceived that the giant bore a boy in his arms, and a minute after this discovery, he stepped from his shelter, and presented his weapon at the wolf-pursued man.

"Halt, Kit Childster!"

The Titan uttered a cry of horror, and the youth dropped from his nerveless grip, and hid himself behind a tree.

"Kit Childster," continued the scout, "you're engaged in pretty work, and, were I to follow the promptings of my heart, I'd drive a bullet through your brain. So you were stealing Charlie, intending to force Beatrice to your arms by threatening his life. But your plots will terminate now. You've long been a suspected man, Kit Childster, and we just wanted a proof of your treachery to rid the world of you. Turn your face

towards Logan's Fort. We're going back there now."

An ashy pallor overspread the traitor's face, and his form shook like the aspen leaf. He obeyed the command, however, but, as he did so, the cry of the night hawk parted his lips.

A second later he felt the muzzle of the scout's rifle pressed against his head.

"Repeat that signal, or make any kind of suspicious noise or gesture, and I'll throw a streak of moonshine into your head!" cried the determined scout.

"My fingers itch to press the trigger; but I reserve you for the hangman's noose at the fort."

The mention of the doom that would probably be meted out to him at the backwoods station, caused the traitor to cringe before his rival and plead for his life. He promised to fly the country if Mark would release him; but he talked, as it were, to a man of stone, for when the scout told him that he must go to the fort or die in the forest, he went it.

The hawk cry sign was not answered, and at length, in the gray flush of dawn, Logan's Fort appeared in sight.

The appearance of the scout and his captive on the edge of the clearing was greeted with mingled shouts of triumph and vengeance, and when the gate flew open a score of infuriated pioneers rushed upon the giant, as though they would tear him piecemeal.

The scout soon learned the cause of their rage.

Just before dawn the body of Roger Hallinck had been found at his post, stabbed to the heart. The garrison was at once aroused, an investigation proved that Backwoods Kit and Charlie Lindsay were missing. The mystery of the pioneer's death was at once solved, and a party was about to throw itself upon the traitor's and murderer's trail, when he unexpectedly hove in sight as the captive of his rival. He would have been lynched at once, had not wiser counsel prevailed.

Benjamin Logan declared that the traitor should have a calm and impartial trial, and the following day was set for that event. The culprit was thrust into a strong one-roomed cabin, there to meditate over his approaching fate.

"They'll come to-night," cried Backwoods Kit, gazing through a crevice between the logs upon the blackened sky. "If they wouldn't run me right into that howl's mouth, I'd been with them to-night. But they'll come all the same now. If I didn't see 'em, Mo-lushta said: 'The first mad night, and this is going to be one of the maddest old nights ever created. All ye blood-thirsty pale faces, I'll scalp a lot of you afore dawn, for they're coming in such numbers, that no fort in Kentucky can resist.'"

The hoarse thunder that rolled from horizon to horizon upon the going down of the sun, was the tenderest music in Kit Childster's ears, and the flashes of lightning that rent the storm clouds were pleasing to his murderous eye. Presently the storm burst upon Logan's Fort, and it was as the traitor had prophesied, the "maddest storm" that ever burst above the devoted station. With it came the hurricane, and the continual crash, crash of forest trees added to the fury of the tempest.

All at once the guard at the gate heard a noise outside.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"Mo—Jim Sonerville, badly shot. For God's lot me in!"

The sentry hesitated; he knew that the Indians had obtained admittance into the fort by deceptive practices, by decoys, and he feared this was one of them. But the plaintive tone sounded like the scout's, who was one of the forest spies for that night.

"Quick! let me in!" pleaded the man again. "I'm dying now, and I've got a wife in the fort. Quick! the British and Indians are coming, and will be here ere long. Must I die here? You're a hard hearted man!"

That last word had the desired effect; the sentry unbarricaded the gate and opened it enough to admit of the egress of a man.

But the next moment an Indian rushed past him, and before he could collect his senses the yard swarmed with Shawnees and renegades.

Above the roar of the storm rose the death yell, and the scout who opened the gate fell dead as he barred it again. The Indians sprang forward to reopen it to admit the rest of their force; but twenty resolute pioneers threw themselves before the portals and prevented the act. The braves who gained admittance into the fort out numbered its defenders; but the pioneers fought with that determination so characteristic of our early settlers, and what they lacked in numbers they possessed in heroism.

The children were thrust into the block house, and the women showed their courage by joining their husbands and brothers in the fight for life. Several of the cabins had been fired by the savages, and the scene was appalling beyond description.

The traitor's guards left his prison to aid their comrades, and with a mighty effort, the renegade gained his freedom.

He snatched a rifle from the hands of a fair-haired boy whom he slew, and became a lion against the settlers.

"There she is!" he cried, as he caught sight of Beatrice Lindsay, fighting in the light of a burning cabin. "Now, my Kentucky tigress, you are mine!"

He darted forward, scattering death on either side as he went, and flashed among the furious band of red demons who contended against the heroic little party of frontier women.

Headed by the traitor, the savages closed around the Spartan woman, and the burly hand of Backwoods Kit shot forward to grasp the Lone Dove, for whom he had risked his life. She shrunk from him, hissing the determined word "never!" and her rifle flew to her shoulder.

He saw his peril, and with a tiger-like spring, tried to avert it. But Beatrice Lindsay was too quick for him; her finger pressed the trigger, as his hand touched the barrel of her weapon, and with a shriek the villain staggered back with a bullet in his brain!

At his fall the Indians wavered.

"Forward!" cried Beatrice, and upon the red for the heroic women dashed.

The Shawnees could not resist the avalanche, their despair flung upon them. They fled to the gate, there to meet its relentless guards. The panic had taken entire possession of their hearts, and their doubtful courage for quarter reached their brethren, struggling with Logan and a few heroes. Soon the rout became general, and, like sheep, the Indians and their white allies, dropped before their victorious foes.

Beatrice Lindsay had gained the victory, and with the defeat of their friends in the fort, the red men without the wall, fled.

Compared to the fierceness and nature of the conflict the loss of the whites was small; and for a long time after the battle, Logan's Fort enjoyed peace. True, the savages came near; but they never ventured to attack, for they had imbibed a superstitious dread of the Lone Dove, whom they now called—Lalawawa, or "the woman that kills."

The day after the battle, the Indians were permitted to carry their dead away, but they rejected the body of Backwoods Kit, saying that by his advice, they had attacked the fort, and that, as he had caused them to lose so many braves, they would not own his corpse.

He could not wait for the attack, and therefore had stolen Charlie Lindsay, hoping the sooner to get Beatrice into his power. He knew her attachment to her only brother, and, after conveying Charlie to the Indians, he intended to force the heroic girl to choose between two dreadful alternatives—either to become his wife, or have the headless body of her brother tossed over the palisade some night.

His cunning, his judgement of human nature, told him how Beatrice would decide.

But Mark Kingham had baffled his plans, and the rifle of the Lone Dove, whose life he would wreck, finished the career of Backwoods Kit.

And while he lay unburied in the forest, Beatrice became the bride of Mark Kingham.

Useful Household Articles.

Ammonia, or, as it is generally called, spirits of hartshorn, is a powerful alkali, and dissolves grease and dirt with great ease. It has lately been recommended very highly for domestic purposes. For washing paint put a tablespoonful in a quart of hot water, dip in a flannel cloth, and then wipe off the wood work; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking grease spots from any fabric, use ammonia, nearly pure, and then lay white blotting paper over the spot, and iron it lightly.

In washing lines put about twelve drops in a pint of warm suds. To clean silver, mix two spoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot suds. Put in your silver ware and wash, using an old nail brush or tooth-brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair-brushes, etc., simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one tablespoonful of ammonia to one pint of hot water, and stand them in the water or in a hot place to dry.

For washing finger-marks from looking-glasses or windows put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag, and make quick work about it. If you wish your house-plants to flourish, put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful will add much to the refreshing effects of the bath. Nothing is better than ammonia water for cleaning the hair. In every case rinse off the ammonia with clean water. To which we would only add, that, for removing spots, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol is better than alcohol alone; and for taking out red stains produced by strong acids in blue and black clothes, there is nothing better than ammonia.

If possible make arrangements to keep all the sheep under shelter the coming winter. And in the construction of sheds keep away from low, wet ground. If left too close for themselves, they seek that which is high and dry.

SLEEPING.

The violet eyes he shaded deep
Beneath the white lids closing;
The cheeks flushed faint with sleep,
And dimpled hands reposing.
The sweet red lips held half apart—
Smiles coming and retreating;
God bless and keep the little heart,
Within the white breast beating.

As baby sleeps.

The tiny, restless, busy feet
Lie still in cradle nothings—
The clinging arm, full, white, and sweet,
Upon the pillow resting;
Close out the world of noise and glare—
Hark ye, and hark ye hearing—
And let the soft sweet summer air
Float gently through the dreaming.

As baby sleeps.

And life and time go hurrying on,
Their varied moths weaving;
And Heaven is just and Heaven is won,
And joyous bliss to giving;
The sunbeams gleam a summer flies,
And brings the autumn's glory—
While still my darling's violet eyes
Repeat the same old story—

That baby sleeps.

I sit and muse, while yet you sleep
The future years winging,
I think that gifts of love and grace
Your hidden hands are bringing;
What paths the little feet may tread—
What work the hands to moulding—
What crown awaits my darling's head
When heart and soul, unfolding,

No longer sleep.

Ah! Hope has many a fairy theme,
From her sweet lips unfolding—
And life has many a golden dream,
That some fond heart is holding;
But none so glad as those that rise,
In light and beauty blinding,
To shine before a mother's eyes,
Above the cradle bending.

While baby sleeps.

Snipe on Toast.

I had some snipe on a toast in Phil. I saw on a bill of fare:

"SNIPES ON TOAST, 60 CENTS."

Snipe on toast would be almost too hearty food to feed people on who had been fasting on a raft three weeks, feeding on old boot legs. Says I to the waiter, "Give me some snipe on toast." By-and-by he came in and put down some toast, and I kept on reading what an almighty dandy trout was, and what a cunning villain creely was, and what a ridiculous set every one is who is running for office; and I sat there an hour. Then I rang the gong. The waiter entered, and says I, "Where in the thunder is my meat?"

Says he, "They've been on the table an hour."

Says I, "I didn't order plain toast; I want a snipe on it."

Says he, "There is a snipe on it." Then I drew close up to the table, and I saw a little black speck on the toast, and says I, "You'll swear that it is a snipe?"

Says he, "Yes."

Says I, "You'd make a good linen buyer, you would."

Says he, "It's a snipe on toast anyhow."

Says I, "How did it get on?"

Says he, "That snipe is all right. It's a full sized one, too."

Says I, "I am glad of it. I'm glad you told me that's a full sized snipe, for do you know, young man, when I sat there reading I saw a black spot on that toast, but I took it for a fly, and I'm glad to inform it's a snipe—a full sized snipe. Now you can take the snipe away and bring me a turkey on toast; and darn it! I want a full sized turkey, too."

I ain't hankering after snipe since that episode. I swear I could have blown that snipe through a putty blower without hurting the snipe or the putty blower either. Snipe on toast may be game, but it's a mean game.

Cider and stewed snipe is ripe.

JOHN.

Well-Informed Ladies.

How much more intelligent and fascinating the majority of young ladies would be, were they to give a little more attention to newspaper reading. We do not mean the flash papers of the day, which are filled with matter which, if it does no harm, can certainly do no good, but to newspapers—those which make us familiar with present character and improvements of the age. It is well enough to know something of the world's history, but it is with the present we have mainly to deal. Every young lady should have an intelligent opinion on the moral, mental, political, and religious subjects of the times. The best and only way to find this, is to read good newspapers.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment have, in the action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.

A KANSAS man was "set back" the other day by a couple of squaws entering his house, whom he had forgotten he had married a few years ago on the plains. What cheered him up is the fact that a Kansas court has decided that when a white man marries a squaw after the Indian fashion the same is legal and binding upon the husband.

CURIOSITIES OF SUICIDE.

Why Men put an End to Their Existence.

A perfectly healthy mind cannot conceive how any other mind can contemplate suicide. Perfect health and thoughts of death in any shape are not congenial. When the mind broods continually on death it is not in a healthy state, whether or not it contemplates self destruction. That unhealthily brooding is the route to suicide, and the fancies to which it gives rise on the way are often very curious. There is something grotesque in the careful preparations many suicides make for leaving the world gracefully. There is a sort of ghastly humor in their farewell will, while it may not provoke a smile at the time, leaves a sort of an impression of burlesque on the memory. All cases of suicide are successful robberies, and the robber leaves himself confused in the hands of society and the law to do with what they like. The suicide robs misfortune and time of their lawful prey and mocks at punishment and retribution.

He thinks to suspend the laws of nature by dying before his time, and probably rejoices while in the act of proving himself an exception to the majority of mankind. Some suicides seem to take particular pains to work up their cases into sensations, and make just enough doubt and mystery to leave their mournful stories intensely interesting. The different modes in getting out of the world conceived by their minds often show ingenuously worthy of encouragement, if directed toward some cause in life. Their last words, when they leave any, are intended to make their friends feel more miserable, and with above all things they had lived. This is an unfair advantage to take of the living, and sometimes suggests that it might have been the sole object of the suicide to make the world feel badly.

Scenes of different nationalities exhibit various methods and traits. Americans have a fancy for hanging, but they often shoot; the French take poison, either in the stomach or lungs; the English rather favor drowning; the Germans are rather undecided about the best way to do it; they are the most sensational, and furnish instances of the most curious suicides on record.

There is always something extraordinary about a German's method of helping himself out of the world. He shows more deliberation and active preparation for the event, and he usually succeeds. He looks upon failure as entirely inconceivable, when the thing can be made so sure. The Germans have lately taken the notion to go off in pairs. We have two late instances which are curious.

A few weeks since two young Germans in London made themselves the subject of many newspaper comments. It is supposed they were guilty of robbery in their own country, and fled to the world's hiding-place, London. They had plenty of money, and made it fly in debauchery and all sorts of excesses. At length their money was spent, and in desperation they shut themselves up in a room, with the understanding that they should kill each other, or that each should kill himself.

The proposition so desperately made was as desperately carried out. Pistol shots were heard in their room; the door was broken open; one of the young men was found dead on the floor, and the other badly wounded. The testimony of the wounded man was taken at the coroner's inquest, and the finding of the jury was that the dead man came to his death by his hand, but that his wounded associate was necessary to the deed, the penalty of which under English law is death.

A counterpart of this tragedy recently happened near Baltimore, and the victims were also two young Germans. They arrived in Baltimore early in August, and had large rolls of greenbacks. They were laboring under great nervous excitement, and gave themselves up to reckless excesses. From their movements it was supposed they had committed a robbery, and detectives were set to watch them. They stated that they were braves, and gave their names as R. and G. Muller. Being hunted by the police they left town and were heard of no more until their bodies were found in a wood about two miles from the city. It was at first supposed they had been murdered for the money which they were known to possess, but subsequent developments led to the belief that, driven to desperation, and brought to bay by the police, they deliberately killed themselves, or shot one another. This is marvelously like the London affair, the only difference being that in one case the agreement was carried out in a crowded city, and the other in the woods.

In both instances the men were young; were suspected of robbery and of being fugitives from justice, were possessed of considerable sums of money, lived a dissolute life, squandered their money, or were robbed of all they had, and wound up a short career by an agreement to kill themselves.

The latter case was deemed a very singular one in Baltimore, but it becomes all more remarkable in connection with the similar one in London.

A German named Staab furnishes another curious instance of suicide. He had been living for years with his relatives at Virginia City, Montana. It was known that he had brought a cord with him from Germany years ago, and that he always carried the cord in his pocket. A few weeks ago he was missed from the house, and was found in the barn, suspended from the rafters, dead. He had used the cord which he had carried for many years evidently for the purpose of taking his life, but had never talked of destroying himself, or explained to any one why he carried the cord.

"Shamefully Defeated."

From the Paris Citizen.

We confess we do not understand why it is that so many Democratic papers, in giving an account of the "situation," should insist that we have been "shamefully defeated." We made the race up on a platform that contained every Democratic principle that was at all practicable, and upon a platform that contained nothing anti-Democratic. It is true we selected men that were once against us on issues that are dead; but they were with us on everything that had practical vitality. We had just emerged from a terrible civil war; the South wanted peace; she wanted a chance to repair her broken fortunes; she wanted a chance to recuperate her last energies, and once more to get upon her feet. To do this it was necessary to give her some friendly legislation. And to do this it was thought best to ignore everything like political prejudices and select men who were supposed to be acceptable to the great mass of Northern voters.

But it seems we were mistaken. Still it was a movement instigated by a pure patriotism, and those who cheerfully supported Greeley and Brown, can at least have the consolation of knowing that they did all they could for the restoration of peace, reconciliation and good government. And we believe those who are carrying about an "ignominious failure," are influenced more by wounded party pride than by any just view of the situation.

But suppose we had nominated a Southern Democrat? It would have been pronounced from every stump that the rebels were trying again to get possession of the Government—and the whole North and West would have been consolidated against us: Or suppose it had been a Northern Democrat? The cry of "copperhead" and "rebel sympathizer" would have been raised, and the result would have been little different. Or suppose the nominee had been a Northern War Democrat? Then those Democrats who are so bitter against Greeley, would have been driven to the alternative of voting for a man who had used his sword instead of his pen against the South.

We most emphatically deny that the Democratic party has been "shamefully defeated," or that it has met with an "ignominious failure." The past is strewn thick with monuments attesting the glorious truth that success is not always the true measure of the justness of a cause.

A Chill Cure.

The local of the Terre Haute Journal has discovered a new cure for ague. Here it is. To those afflicted with ague we say emphatically, crawl down stairs head foremost. Laugh at the idea if you please, but do your crawling first; you can then afford to laugh. Just as the chill is coming on, start at the top of a long flight of stairs, and crawl down on your hands and feet, head foremost. You never did harder work in your life, and when you arrive at the bottom, instead of shaking, you will find yourself puffing, red in the face, and perspiring freely, from the strong exertions made in the effort to support yourself.

It will effect a cure beyond a doubt, but whether from this cause or from that, we will never tell you, nor need you care to know. Try it. It won't cost you near as much as quinine or patent medicines, and if it fails it will only do what they do every day. If it cures—as it surely will—lay the facts before our local scientists, and let them discover the cause. At all events, ye shivering sufferers, lay this maxim to your heart, "crawling down stairs head foremost will certainly prevent a chill."

Romance Will Never Die.

Here is the ground-work for a first-class novel. A blind man was crossing Broadway the other day, when he was on the point of being run over by a reckless cab-driver, and at the risk of her own life, a beautiful young lady ran to his rescue, and piloted the poor man to the pavement in safety. A rich bachelor saw the transaction, and straightway sought her out, was introduced, courted, proposed, was accepted, and married the heroine without loss of time. The effect of this has been wonderful. Hopeful young ladies can be seen standing in the vicinity of street-crossings, with one eye searching for stray blind men, and the other on the lookout for a rich bachelor; for it would be an awful bore if they should tackle the old blind man and have the bachelor nowhere around.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM SILK.

Take a lump of magnesia, and rub it wet over the spot; let it dry, then brush all the powder off, and the spot will disappear; or, take a visiting card, separate it, and rub the spot with the soft internal part, and it will disappear without taking the gloss off the silk.

RICE SOUP.

Take four carrots, four turnips, six leeks, six onions

NOTICE.
Those of our advertisers who desire changes made in their advertisements, must hand in copy on Monday morning next.

Our subscribers are respectfully notified that we employ no collectors. All sums due us must be paid to one of the proprietors of this journal, or in our absence, to our foreman, if you desire proper credits therefor.

Subscription Paid this Week.
To prevent errors and to obviate the necessity of receipting to our subscribers, we will publish every week the names of those who pay for their subscription by mail. If you have remitted your dues by mail during this week, your name does not appear in this issue, you are notified that we have not received it.

Rev. J. M. Salter, of the Baptist Church, is holding a very interesting meeting at Moore's school house, in Casey county.

The disciples of Christ claim to have over sixty thousand communicants in Kentucky, and some estimate the number at ninety thousand.

A protracted meeting, conducted by Rev. M. Campbell, of Glasgow, Rev. Mr. Brooks, and Rev. Mr. Salter, of Warren county, in Warren county, terminated last week, after a continuance of two weeks, which resulted in about thirty-five accessions, distributed among the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches.

Rev. George O. Barnes, of this place, delivered last Sunday, at Hall's Gap church, a masterly discourse upon the text, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, you must be born again." The earnest manner of the speaker, his glowing and glowing eloquence and profound yet unfeigned learning explained in the most satisfactory manner a text which has been to the Jew a stumbling block, and to the Greek, foolishness.

Personal.
Mr. J. D. McNeil, the Train Despatcher at Richmond Junction, promises to furnish us reports of the business done at that point, which will surprise our readers on account of the immense amount.

Mr. M. S. Sandifer, the photographer, requests us to say that he will remain with us ten days longer. Those who desire work in his line should avail themselves of the opportunity now afforded them while the weather is propitious.

Mr. W. A. Owsley ("Flaccus"), son of Hon. Bryan V. Owsley, died, has been several days in Lincoln and adjoining counties, for the purpose of selecting a town somewhere in Central Kentucky to establish a paper. He is now on familiar ground, having gone to school here when a boy and often followed the tumbling fox-hunt all over the classic "Knobs," a sport much in vogue with "young bloods" fifteen years ago. He has many relatives here among our best citizens by whom he is much esteemed. He is a young man of brilliant talents and an able, incisive newspaper writer. We hope he will find a location suited to his wishes.

Matrimonial.
In DANVILLE—On the 19th inst., by Rev. W. F. Junkin, Dr. J. D. FLENNETT, of Nashville, Tenn., to Miss ELIZA J. SWOPE, daughter of T. B. Swope, Esq., on Tuesday, 26th inst., Mr. G. L. CHRISTIAN, of Independence, Mo., to Miss LOTTIE S. DUKES, daughter of W. S. Duke, Esq., on the 19th inst., Mr. W. F. GREENLEAF, of Parkersburg, to Miss FANNIE CALDWELL, daughter of G. S. Caldwell.

MADISON COUNTY.—On the 12th inst., ISAAC D. TODD to CYNTHIA A. TODD, on the 13th inst., LANDER F. COYLE to SUSAN M. HENDERSON, on the 14th inst., JEFFERSON STONE to SARAH ANN THORNTON, on the 15th inst., WILLIAM LARSON to ELIZABETH LOGAN, on the 18th inst., JOHN E. GREENLEAF to Miss ANNIE BOBBY, on the 19th inst., P. M. POPE to Miss JOSEPH RICH, same day, A. FRANKLIN, of Lexington, Ky., to Miss MATTIE STONE, of Richmond.

The Burnett Performances.
It does not happen every day that one gets so fully the worth of one's money as was to be had at the two entertainments given by Alf. Burnett and his assistants, Miss Nash and Mr. Sharpley, on Monday and Tuesday nights, last. Of Mr. B's excellence it is needless to say anything; he is too well known and recognized as one of the very best of living humorists, and as an actor in farcical contortions stands since the death of Winchell, without a rival upon the comic stage. Miss Nash is a lady of rare attainments in dialogue acting and elocutionary rendition, which are the more attractive by reason of a person of unusual elegance and good looks. Of Mr. Sharpley's performances upon the concertina it was impossible to speak in extravagant terms; it is simply wonderful. He evokes from this little instrument such a concert of sweet sounds as are deemed it incapable of. We doubt if Vieuxtemps could produce from their renowned crenoma more ravishing strains than sweetly thrilled us from this simple octagonal instrument under the touch of this incomparable master. The exquisite pathos of his rendition of "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," would have touched the coarsest nature. And altogether the whole performance of this gifted trio is a first class one, and we congratulate Springfield, whether they go from here, on the treat in store for her people.

Death of D. M. Lyon.
This old citizen-farmer, so long a resident of our county, died of pneumonia a few days since, after returning from the South, whither he had gone with a lot of mules. His death will be seriously mourned by all who knew him. He was a man of high honor and integrity, and his sudden death has tendered our sincere sympathy.

FOR PURE CIDER Vinegar, of the best quality, go to W. H. Anderson's.

LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

Wild geese are on the wing—cold weather's coming.
Mr. Wren, the small-pox patient, is in a very critical condition. No new cases.

Until our fighting editor returns, we prefer a "club" of paying subscribers to any other kind.

The town talk is epidemic—dull times—scares and spore riots—Library drawings—Barnett—Congress—chump goods.

The property which was purchased for Elmer H. T. Anderson, Esq., will be sold at public auction on next County Court day.

Alf. Burnett says that "old chums" of his ought to pay double price for a ticket to his exhibition, as evidence of good will, and not claim a "dead-head pass."

Miss Nash was only personating Mrs. Candie, and not one of our lady friends, as they supposed; therefore no harsh feelings should be entertained towards her.

If hens in this vicinity could comprehend the situation, they could immortalize themselves in the performance of their duty. Eggs are bringing a fabulous price.

The up-passenger train from Louisville was delayed several hours on Saturday and Monday last. Alf. Burnett said "zooty" caused it. Alf. knows, for he was on board.

There are several members of that ancient and cursed "Frolicsome—Oyster Club" in our town we regret to say. As a remedy we would suggest that the ladies organize a "Come Home Husband Club," composed of a broom-handle, minus broom.

Someday says "Babies are Organs" without stops. That reminds us of an incident which occurred at the "show" the other night. While Sharpley was imitating a church organ, one of those everlasting "home organs" opened with its diapason.

It was very natural for young couples to lose their way in returning home from the lecture on Monday and Tuesday nights, last, as the darkness was blackness intensified; therefore we make no comments on what we heard—not saw—on the way home.

The admixture of various plumes plays some fantastic tricks with our Indian maize as with other vegetation. Mr. Jonathan Owsley has left with us an ear of corn of which about one-half is red, and the other white, and altogether presenting a pibald and singular appearance.

The pike between our town and Hall's Gap is so badly in need of repair, that one feels as if he is being robbed when he pays toll upon it. Those whose duty it is to keep our toll roads up, should see to it that such repairs be made upon this road as the many bad places demand.

The freight train going south was wrecked at St. Mary's on Saturday morning last by a misplaced switch, which delayed the passenger train until a late hour, and on Monday morning the boiler of the passenger train, which was disabled near Gravel Switch, and the train did not arrive until 5:30.

Mr. J. A. Williams advertises in another column his large and centrally located hotel in Hustonville. We know nothing of the stand in a financial point of view, but we do know that Hustonville is a thriving place, and the people cheer, responsible and enterprising. Who wants a good hotel?

The economical and cautious expedient of walking to town to avoid the dreaded epidemic will avail our farmers nothing, but we do hope that Hustonville will have been spared from the pestilence, and that too without having been exposed. Jake calls it the hydrophobia, which is almost as correct as the misnomer epidemic.

We ask the special attention of farmers to a communication from "Farmer" in another column, on sub-soiling. If our farmers would use our paper as a medium for communicating their experiences, what a world of valuable and useful knowledge would be derived from it of special interest to the tillers of the soil.

Our energetic friend John S. Hughes has returned to our midst after an extended business tour through the blue grass region of Kentucky, in the interest of J. M. Robinson & Co., Louisville, Kentucky. If any one man can succeed in building up a trade for a Louisville house among a people who are predisposed to patronize Cincinnati, Mr. Hughes is the man. He has been quite successful on the trip, we understand.

Says the Newspaper Reporter, very truly—"You cannot look over the advertising columns of your local paper without finding the names of the most enterprising and energetic men and women of your town; and in looking over those columns you are sure to find something you want." To which we add—every truly good business man will advertise what he is doing and what he proposes to do, and the best way in the world to ascertain the names of the best business men of the town, is to look over the local paper.

A VERY "convenient thing to have in the family," is one of those handy little clothes hampers at W. H. Anderson's drug store.

Thanksgiving Day in Stanford.
Rev. S. S. McRoberts, of the Presbyterian church, preached, by special invitation, at the Methodist church, a most interesting sermon. There was a large attendance, and his remarks so appropriate to the occasion, elicited serious and thoughtful attention.

FROM HUSTONVILLE.

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D. W. Hilton will be with us again in a few days, and commences making a visit to Pulaski and Wayne counties immediately, in the interest of the Southern Mutual Life Insurance Company, for which he is State Agent. The Southern Mutual has all the attractive features in its policies and plans of insurance. Its policies are all non-forfeiting, rates reasonable, expenses low, and dividends satisfactory. There is no better class of business men managing any Life Insurance Company than those connected with the Southern Mutual. We say to the people of Pulaski and Wayne, if you want to insure in a good and well managed Company, hold yourself in readiness to take a policy in the Southern Mutual with Hilton, who will soon be among you. Mr. Hilton desires to appoint a good agent for Pulaski county, and we think Mr. P. Miller represents his Company in Wayne.

George W. Bain.
This gentleman, one of the ablest lecturers on temperance in this State, and whom we advertised last week to speak about the 3rd of next month on his favorite subject, is we learn, lying quite ill in Lexington, and will not be able to visit us for some weeks. We wish for him a speedy recovery, and hope he may soon be able to resume his labors of usefulness throughout Kentucky.

GO to W. H. Anderson's for your ammunition, pistols, pistol cartridges, etc.

The Aldine.
We published last week the prospectus of this excellent Journal, and neglected to express our opinion of it. Purer literature can not be found in the world, nor a higher work of art. The engravings are alone worth the price of the monthly, which is \$5.00 per annum. The premium Chromo sold at \$30 in the art stores. It is decidedly the best and choicest of all our American monthlies. Call on the agent, Mr. A. R. Penny, and subscribe for the Aldine, and you will never regret the act.

STANFORD RETAIL MARKET.

GEORGE D. WEAREN & CO.,
Groceries, Produce, Salt, Confectioneries, Boots and Shoes, Notions, &c.

Coffee, per cwt. 25 00
Sugar, per cwt. 15 00
Tea, per cwt. 10 00
Rice, per cwt. 12 00
Wheat, per bushel 1 00
Corn, per bushel 75 00
Oats, per bushel 50 00
Barley, per bushel 40 00
Clover, per ton 15 00
Hay, per ton 12 00
Lard, per cwt. 10 00
Butter, per cwt. 15 00
Eggs, per dozen 10 00
Honey, per gallon 5 00
Molasses, per gallon 3 00
Syrup, per gallon 4 00
Maple sugar, per cwt. 12 00
Cocoa, per cwt. 10 00
Chocolate, per cwt. 15 00
Candy, per cwt. 12 00
Toffee, per cwt. 10 00
Ice cream, per cwt. 15 00
Pickles, per cwt. 10 00
Canned fruit, per cwt. 12 00
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Canned fish, per cwt. 12 00
Canned vegetables, per cwt. 10 00
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Canned stews, per cwt. 10 00
Canned pies, per cwt. 12 00
Canned cakes, per cwt. 10 00
Canned bread, per cwt. 12 00
Canned butter, per cwt. 10 00
Canned lard, per cwt. 12 00
Canned oil, per cwt. 10 00
Canned vinegar, per cwt. 12 00
Canned ketchup, per cwt. 10 00
Canned mustard, per cwt. 12 00
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Canned relishes, per cwt. 12 00
Canned sauces, per cwt. 10 00
Canned gravies, per cwt. 12 00
Canned broths, per cwt. 10 00
Canned soups, per cwt. 12 00
Canned stews, per cwt. 10 00
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Canned oil, per cwt. 10 00
Canned vinegar, per cwt. 12 00
Canned ketchup, per cwt. 10 00
Canned mustard, per cwt. 12 00
Canned pickles, per cwt. 10

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

Advice to Colored Men.

We clip the following good advice to colored men from the *Louisville Weekly Planet*, a paper edited by colored men, and entitled to the support of every man of that race in this country, and to the encouragement of all good citizens:

It is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes us fat.

It is not what we read, but what we remember that makes us learned.

It is not what we earn but what we save that makes us rich.

These are aims which have governed and still ought to govern, all who have succeeded, and will still succeed.

And long since, "Where there is a will there is a way," has been the watchword of all whose names are enrolled on the pages of history, as men of honor, genius and wisdom.

While we seek the crowded city, and huddle together in small rooms and smoky alleys, situated on alleys, in basements and over stables, breathing vitiated air, unavoidable under such circumstances, we may expect the prevalence of consumption and all the loathsome diseases which spread like fire in the wide prairie. Nor can we expect to preserve a vigorous and healthy constitution by the application of wholesome food and medical prescriptions.

If our avocation furnishes and insufficiency of means, by which we are enabled to live in well ventilated rooms situated upon the streets, where we can breathe the pure air, necessary to give vitality to the system, both mental and physical, let us at once and promptly desert the city and seek the country, where we can earn and obtain a honest living, be independent and enjoy the fruits of our labor.

Millions of acres of untitled land are inviting us to come and gather sustenance from their rich and inexhaustible stores of wholesome food and unadulterated atmosphere.

Yet, while all the avenues to wealth and prosperity are open to us, we refuse them all, and corruption is raising its hydra head awaiting an opportunity to devour us.

The public mind is being abused with the idea the colored man is a voting chattel.

Hence each candidate calculates the value of the office, next value of each vote, and uses his money accordingly.

Candidates are thronged with men, offering for sale their votes.

Away with such corruption as that. Dismiss the mind of the public of the idea that your vote is worth just so much in legal currency. Do not depend on political canvassing to earn and obtain your bread. Get off the street corners. Have some trade, profession, or honest occupation by which you may acquire an honest livelihood, and thus hand down to posterity your liberties so dearly bought.

Faithful labor and untiring energy, strict economy and frugality, are the only means by which we can become a great people.

It is said, and with reason we think, "that we must educate." Knowledge is power, and he who possesses it wields an influence.

It is the key to wealth and fame; nor can we, more than other men, expect to attain eminence by any other means than that which underlies all that is great and noble.

Another question of as vital importance to the colored people, is the accumulation of wealth.

The possession of the Almighty dollar is one of the most effective elements by which an influence is wielded in this country.

Of money we need the most and possess the least.

We say the most needed because without it we are unable to attain knowledge.

An example, take Louisville. Here we are limited to \$13,300 for the education of about 3,000 children.

The amount of taxable property of the city is about \$412,000, belonging to the colored property owners.

The cause of our poverty is not idleness, or vagrancy. We are an industrious and working people, we make money enough; but we are to some extent a spendthrift people.

We love pleasure more than money, and fine dress more than independence. Thousands of dollars are annually thrown away on railroad excursions, and as many more on picnic excursions.

We prefer rather to live in fine houses than our own homes. We prefer rather to elect a man to office for five dollars paid in hand, than save ten dollars in the way of taxation.

We prefer, rather than suffer a little humiliation, to spend a thousand dollars in litigation.

In fact, all the money we make, we rest not till it is out of our hands, and we are content to work for our living, and our first duty then is to learn the law of economy, and faithfully apply it. Save the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves. Self-denial, is one of the first of christian virtues.

Rather than spend twenty dollars on railroad excursions, let us deposit in the bank. Rather than spend thirty dollars for a picnic, let us invest in real estate. Rather than spend fifty dollars in litigation, let us suffer a temporary humiliation. And remember, every dollar thus spent is a complete transfer of property to the white people, and not a dollar the education of our youths, as the law now stands.

We need and demand education, and only way to obtain it, is the accumulation of property.

The almighty dollar will annual property, repeal class legislation and con-

sign prejudices to an ignominious grave. We repeat, a free people must be a thoughtful people.

Independence, education and strict economy should ever direct our actions in our intercourse with men.

PHUNNY-PUNNICE.

Girl loafers—Female bakers.

A blacksmith can not only shoe a horse himself, but he can make a horse shoe.

I don't remember ever having seen you before," as the lawyer said to his conscience, when young.

Why is the alphabet like cutting the first teeth? Because it is taught yer (torture) when young.

A man in Jamestown, bought a ticket to Barren's show for himself and boy, had just a dollar left to buy meat for his family. As his pockets were afterwards picked, it is hoped that this little incident will serve as a warning to all men not to save any money for meat when there is a circus in town.

The officers of the Omaha *Herald* and Republican occupy opposite sides of the street, which fact will explain the following delicate success of the *Herald* in giving to its neighbor's brains "a local habitation and a name." "The idiotic fact contributor over the ways says we stand on our head. *Ha! is on his.*"

A barbarian in Titusville, while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his shears against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he "had missed that whetstone ever since having time last July, and had looked all over a ten acre lot for it, but now remembered sticking it up over his ear."

An Arkansas Letter.

MY DEAR BOY: The double-barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was shot at once while I was carrying it home. Bill popped at me from behind the fence, as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two-shooter as I got it, and he didn't jump up from behind the fence but once.

I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I need it for a long-range practice. The other I can fill with buckshot, and riddle a man at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jett when I meet them. You see, old man, Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and when it was over "pap laid for him and killed him. Then Nigger Tom Jett, as we call him—the black-faced one—he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked a fuss with Tom and cut him into gibles, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double-barrel will prove to much for him.

If you want to see fun come down for a while and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It's easy enough to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig pen is one of the sweetest places I know of, and it is so handy! A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly.

I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday school books with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time we will take a big lot of books. I am superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school now, and am running it under a full head of steam. Old man Byers, who was turned out, is right mad about it and swears he will chew me up; but he will chew lead if he don't keep clear of me.

My wife wants to know if you can send her a new set of teeth without her getting measured for them. Her twenty-five dollar set was bursted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth; but it didn't hurt her tongue. Write to your friend and pard.

P. S.—That sneaking, onery cuss, Sam Jett, crept up and fired at me through the window, but he didn't happen to kill anybody but a negro girl. I mean to go for him, though to-day, and will be glad of a chance to try the double-barrel.

Correspondent St. Louis Democrat.

COAL

T. T. Davies, agent for the sale of Wm. Owsley's superior Coal, will furnish coal in any quantities to suit purchasers, at the lowest market price.

P. F. WALSH, MERCHANT TAILOR.

No 70 Fourth street bet. Main and Market. Louisville, Ky.

MY pantalon system, as a specialty, is an acknowledged success, being original, and adapted to the wants of every customer.

LUMBER!

Lumber for Sale.

I AM PREPARED TO FURNISH ALL KINDS OF

Poplar Lumber,

Cut and Sawed Shingles,

—AND—

BOARDS,

At the LOWEST prices for CASH.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

A LEO WILL CONTRACT TO FURNISH

rich material and erect buildings on the most favorable terms. All orders left at the store of Dunn & Owsley, or at the store of J. N. O. WILLIAM.

Stanford, Ky.

J. N. O. WILLIAM.

JOS. SEVERNANCE.

T. W. MILLER.

NEW FALL GOODS.

SEVERNANCE & MILLER, North Side Main Street, Stanford, Kentucky.

Are now opening their Fall and Winter stock of goods and invite their friends and the public to call and examine them. The attention of the ladies is called to our attractive stock of

DRESS GOODS.

Among which will be found all the popular colors and fabrics. Plain and Fancy Lustres, Plain Black Lustres, All Wool Delaines, Assorted Colored Poplins, Printed Cotton Delaines, Merinos, Empress Cloths, Japanese Silks, Satines, etc.

Notions.

Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Ladies Vests and Pants, Gentlemen's Linen Shirts, Merino Shirts and Drawers, Trunks, Valises, etc.

Domestics.

Prints, Brown Cottons, Bleached Cottons, Tickings, Linseys, White and Colored Flannels.

Boots and Shoes

A specialty. In our stock will be found the best home-made Lasting, Kid, Pebble, Goat, and Calf Shoes for women, misses and children. Also Men's, Boy's and Youth's Boot and Shoes of the best manufacture.

Hats, Caps, etc., etc.

We have a Complete

Assortment of Glass and Queensware, Table Cutlery, Scissors, etc., etc. In a word, everything usually found in a first-class general store, and see for yourselves before buying elsewhere.

SEVERNANCE & MILLER.

JOB PRINTING.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL Job Printing Office

Is prepared with a new outfit of type and presses to fill all orders promptly and carefully for all kinds of

CARDS, POSTERS, DODGERS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, &c.

Now is the Time to Advertise your Business!

Mrs. M. GILHAM, Milliner and Mantua-maker, Up stairs over Craig & McAlister's store.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

STANFORD RECEIVING HER LARGE and elegant stock of

Millinery Goods, Notions, FANCY GOODS,

—AND— TRIMMINGS,

And is now fully prepared to furnish the public generally with all the latest style goods in her line.

Mrs. M. MYERS Has charge of the Mantua-making Department, and is receiving monthly all the latest styles and patterns.

Mrs. Gilham's long experience in the millinery business warrants the belief that she will give to her patrons entire satisfaction.

Ladies in this and adjoining counties will find it greatly to their interest to visit the store of Mrs. Gilham before purchasing elsewhere.

6-ly

Hardware!!

NEW IMPORTATION!!

STOVES! STOVES!

The largest stock of

Stoves and Grates!

Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves, Large Stoves, Small Stoves, Stoves of Every Kind.

—AT— A. Owsley's.

Sole agent for the

Wallace Patent Grate.

A large lot on hand.

Everything in the

Hardware Line!

—AT— A. Owsley's.

A new lot of family groceries just received

—AT— A. Owsley's.

Go to the Brick Corner for everything in the Hardware and Grocery line.

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1-ly

Business Directory.

CONTRACTORS.

JOHN W. GILHAM, Carpenter.

THOMAS J. STEVENS, Metal Dredging and Gutting.

FRANK FLOYD & COMPANY, West End Main, J. W. Walker Proprietor.

MATTHEW WRIGHT, Painter, West End.

GEO. H. MYERS, Brick Mason, Main Street.

DRY GOODS.

CRAIG & McALISTER, South Main Street.

E. B. HAYDEN, South Main Street.

SEVERNANCE & MILLER, South Main Street.

M. CALISTER & MILLER, Old Fashioned Building North Main Street.

INSURANCE AGENTS.

ALFRED OWSELEY, Agent, Hartford, office Main Street.

J. CAMPBELL, Royal, Liverpool, England; Thomas, J. B. Campbell, Hartford, Conn.

MILLINERY.

MRS. L. BEAULIEU, One Door West Post Office.

MRS. T. DAVIS, Near Depot.

MRS. M. GILHAM, Up stairs over Craig & McAlister's Store.

HOTELS.

GARVIN HOUSE, David Garvin, Proprietor, Court Square.

CARPENTER HOUSE, Corner Somerset and Main.

MANUFACTURERS.

STANFORD WOOLLEN MILLS, J. B. Campbell & Co., Proprietors, West End.

DENNIS & CLARK, Carriage Makers, West End.

FRANK G. BRADY, Boot and Shoe Maker, Cor. Main and Lancaster.

WATERS & DAVISON, West Side Lancaster Street.

DRUG STORES.

E. B. CHENAU, North Main Street.

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, South Main Street.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

SAM N. HARTMAN, Corner Somerset and Main Streets.

SAM F. WATKINS, Post Office Building.

TIN SHOPS.

THOMAS J. ATKINS, Corner Main and Lancaster Street—Up Stairs.

FRANK STRAUB, West End.

GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERIES.

G. D. WEAREN, South Main.

LIVERY STABLES.

JESSE R. ALFORD, South Main Street.

JAMES E. BRUCE, Depot Street.

COAL DEALERS.

THOMAS T. DAVIES, Near the Depot.

JESSE R. ALFORD, South Main Street.

THOMAS BUDGIN, Office Near Depot.

UNDERTAKER.

STROTHGER D. MYERS, East End.

CONFECTIONERIES.

CARSON & BOHMAN, North Main Street.

BLACKSMITH SHOPS.

JESSE R. ALFORD, South Main Street.

N. SID. PLATT,

64 N. 3rd St. Louisville, Ky.

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6 N.Y. Mills Prints for \$15

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THE BEST BARGAINS IN TOWN.

GEO. D. WEAREN & CO., DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, PRODUCE, SALT,

Staple Boots and Shoes, Select Pocket and Table Cutlery.

Teas, Spices, Cigars, Tobacco, Tubs, Buckets, Brooms, Baskets, Rope, Twine, Nails, Powder, Shot, Traps, Lamps, Fixtures, Stationery, Extracts, Soaps, Perfumery, Combs, Brushes, Pipes, Candles, Raisins, Nuts, Toys, Oysters, Sardines, Pickles, Canned Goods, Confectioneries and Notions Generally.

LIBERAL PRICES PAID FOR MEAL, FLOUR, BACON AND LARD,

In Exchange for Groceries, Etc.

Special Inducements to Cash Buyers. No Goods Sold on Six or Twelve Month's Time.

MATTHEW L. WRIGHT, PAINTER, WEST END, STANFORD, KY.

RESPECTFULLY solicits work in his line. Will contract to work by the job and furnish material, or by the day, material furnished. Prices Very Low.

TIN SHOP AND STOVES! PETER STRAUB, WEST END STANFORD, KY.

I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS of tin work at my shop near the Woolen Factory. Always on hand and for sale

Heating and Cooking Stoves, Odd Vessels, &c.

Steam Mill Boilers, And other mill machinery repaired at all times.

Tin and Copper Ware on hand, for sale cheap.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PEERLESS

BEE-HIVE!! Patented Dec. 26th, 1871, by J. S. PROCTER, Of Franklin, Kentucky.

To Bee-keepers Everywhere: The following points of excellence comprise a few of the many, that may be truthfully claimed for my hive: